

The Ruhleben Camp Magazine



30s



"STRAIGHT FROM THE CELLE!"

M. J. G. 1897.

THE RUHLEBEN CAMP MAGAZINE

N^o. 2.

APRIL

1916.

EDITORIAL.



WE hear on every good authority that the sun enters Taurus this month, but we leave it to our readers' good taste not to make any improper use of this information. — At the end of the month Mercury is an evening star, setting at first W. by N., and later W. N. W. What it does after that, goodness only knows. — Venus is an evening star this month; so are Gaby Delys and Marie Lloyd for that matter, but there is no harm in mentioning the fact. — There will be no solar eclipse this year visible from this neighbourhood, but the nightly occultation of lights in Ruhleben will take place at 9 p. m. as usual.

Geologists reckon the age of the World to be somewhere between 40 and 100 million years. The Camp Magazine has been in existence ten months only, so readers should not be too critical. There is still time for improvement. — After the Stone Age came the Bronze and Early Iron Ages (about 500 B. C.). Some of the jokes in this paper are of even more recent date. Not all, but some. — The population of the globe is estimated to be about 1,623,000,000; of this number less than 4000 bought the last number of the Camp Magazine. This must be seen to. — A year in Mercury consists of eighty-eight days only, while a day in that favoured planet lasts but one hour and a third. Some of us would like to live in Mercury!

THE most pressing social need of this Lager is a trustworthy and authoritative "Who's Who in Ruhleben", and it should not be beyond our powers to produce one. The sample extracts which follow will make our meaning clear, and we feel confident that now the suggestion has been made it will be acted upon without delay. We have taken the examples in question from our own circle of acquaintances, which is necessarily a small one; still they are enough to show how invaluable would be a reference book of this kind. The aim of "Who's Who" should be to convey accurate information in a breezy and intimate fashion without, of course, giving the slightest offence. This we think we have succeeded in doing below.

A. B. C. — Received the title of K. G. on 6th. November, 1914, on which occasion his language is said to have been most impressive. Having entered Lager became member of Bar. 123. Principal occupation, reading back numbers of magazines, and colouring clay pipes, is fond of music, but prefers the gramophone. Favourite hobby, resting; except on Sunday afternoons, may generally be found in Y. M. C. A. building.

D. E. F. — Admitted to Lager about same time as above, has from that date taken a distinguished and prominent part in public life. Is

a member of every Committee in the Camp, and has delivered lectures on no less than two hundred and fifty different subjects, besides contributing Papers to many learned Circles.

G. H. I. — A singularly forceful personality; is a non-smoking teetotal vegetarian, and an early riser. Does not shave, but wears a décolleté shirt, and is said to understand Ibsen. Is called a genius by his admirers, though there are many entertain a contrary opinion. Posterity will decide this vexed question.

And so on.

THE idea of organizing a competition for budding orators is so good that we think it should be extended to literary aspirants. With a view to giving the scheme a start, we append a few specimen questions to test the capacity of our future novel writers, journalists, and dramatists.

1. Write 50,000 lines on any subject in imitation of Mr. Hall Caine . . . Indicate also a suitable scheme for advertising the product of your genius.

2. Write a thrilling Romance of the popular magazine variety, introducing an 80 H. P. aeroplane, a 12-cylinder motor car, and a radium mine. The characters must include a Hero with crease down trouser legs, and safety razor type of face; a svelte and lissome Heroine, with brave blue eyes, and a penchant for being rescued from positions of great peril; up to date Detective, with roll-top desk and telephone; Family Solicitor, with iron-grey whiskers and deed box. Scene should include perfumery department of Harrods; fall of heroine down radium mine (see above); and high life function at house of Ambassador for Uralia.

3. Sketch outline of five-act Melodrama, to include following cast: — Ruined Squire, with white beard and tendency to have fits in second act; Hero as in No. 2 — moustache optional; red faced Rustic, who remembers old Squire when he was a boy; fast "Society" Woman who smokes Woodbines, and emits a mocking laugh at frequent intervals; Heroine, poor but virtuous, to the annoyance of the Villain, (evening clothes compulsory).

4. Essay writing. (a) *Ruhleben*. 9.45 p. m.; (b) *Ramble round the Reference Library*; (c) *My billy-can*.

5. Verse. *Love's awakening*; *Ode to a Laundry cart*; or *Spring time in Spandau*, at option of writer.

6. Model letters for silly season on any of following subjects: *Why get up?* *Why do we go to lectures?* *Do we want a Camp Magazine?* *Are Stunters stupid?*

A reliable correspondent sends us the following items of business and commercial intelligence. — The fall of Relief Funds by two points had an unfavourable influence on the tone of the Home market and has caused an all round depression. — Dealings in Ironmongery opened briskly with keen buyers, but since Dallis were taken off the market it may be considered as being stove in. — Gramophone Ordinaries are in brisk demand, with Lauder preferred, and Rag-time a good second. — Footballs: these highly inflated investments having reached a lofty level, quite out of reach of ordinary punter, now show signs of collapse. — Cricket ditto: a hard line in these goods is coming forward, and high quotations will appear shortly on the board. — Tennis goods: a smart rally in these may be expected, with quick return from net quotations. — Mattresses having been subjected to steam and hydraulic test are now suitable for single tenants. — Debating

Society Ordinary (see Gas quotations). — Theatre and Amusements: lively to dull. — Baths and Wash-houses: demand sluggish, plungers shy. — Cubby-Hole Prefs: Recent crisis caused temporary set-back, but present holders are hopeful. — Swill-Tubs Deferred: active demand for clearance, holders awaiting transport facilities. — Casino Debentures: in eager demand by wealthy investors who seek solid value for cash. — Schonungs Ordinary: market weak and listless; after brisk winter season shows downward tendency. — Dry Stores: no quotations. — R. S. D.: see Dry Stores; morning deliveries light and business generally dull. — Otto Ordinary: popular junior security; French buyers active, with Italian and Spanish support. — Home Rails: market dormant, with restricted monthly deliveries.

CONTRIBUTIONS to this paper should be as facetious as circumstances permit; descriptions of grave-yards are unsuitable, even though type-written. Articles should deal with Ruhleben, though anyone who can remember what the outer world is like may favour us with an account of it. Undue flippancy should be avoided, or offence will be given to our learned readers (of whom there are many); on the other hand, subjects of too abstruse a character will mystify our staff, all of whom are quite ordinary people. Not one of them has even given a lecture yet! A few commas and semi-colons should be sprinkled about here and there, — not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The use of lead pencils is compulsory, but writers are not bound to use blunt ones. Finally, the more articles readers write, the fewer the Editor will!

NEW-comers so often commit solecisms and betray a want of knowledge of Ruhleben etiquette that the following simple rules, compiled for their guidance by an interned person of much experience, cannot come amiss.

1. Always be polite to the Captains. It will not cost you anything, and will please them.
2. Read philosophy. You will have need of it.
3. Attend lectures assiduously; the subject is of no importance. If the discourse bores you, give a lecture yourself. Revenge is sweet.
4. Be kind to the policemen, — such as they are. After all, they are human.
5. Do not seek fame. To be unknown is to be distinguished.
6. Do not despise your parcels. A sardine in oil is worth two in the bush.
7. Do not be superstitious. Better a week in Barrack 13 than seventy-two hours in Barrack 11.
8. Be patient with supermen They are young.

The following are some helpful criticisms which our last number brought forth. "Much too flippant and trivial. Give us something worth reading." — "Too serious; we don't want a 'stodgy' paper in Ruhleben". Can't you brighten the old thing up a bit?" — "Excellent". — "Rotten!" — "Too much". — "Not enough." — "Let us have more pictures". — "Not so many illustrations, please; letter press is what we want!"

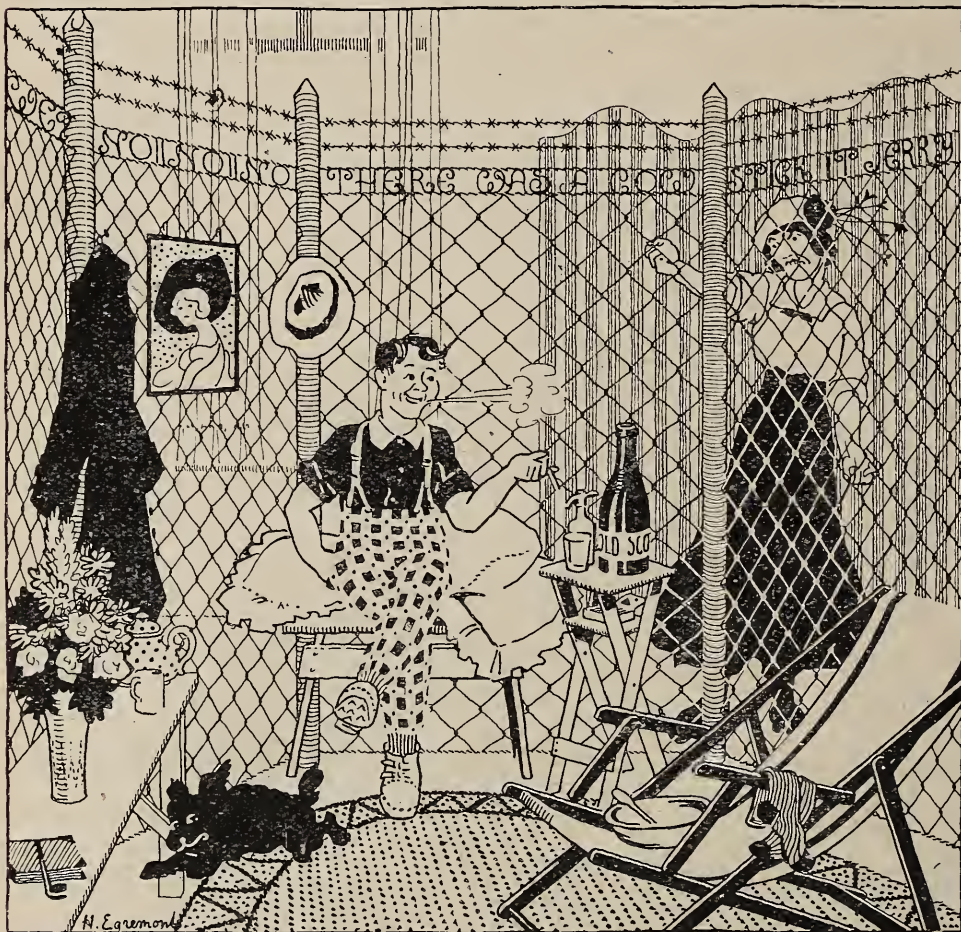
So now we know exactly what to do.

R. XIT. D.

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED.

There were some Piemen
 Super . . . not shy men
 And they wrote some verse
 It was, perhaps, sublime,
 But . . . it did not rhyme . . .
 Or scan! There were lots
 and lots
 Of dots!
 Wild geese! . . We have much to say!

What is it? Tae kwae!
 Tae kwae!
 R. H. P. and L. H. . . . we bless
 you
 And the other members of
 The A and S. U. . .
 That is all that is all
 That we recall!



SUGGESTED RETREAT FOR LIBERATED BUT HENPECKED RUHLEBENITE.

THE following gentlemen who left the Lager for England on Sunday 19th. March carry with them the good wishes of all. Mr. L. G. Beaumont, Bar. 5; Mr. E. A. Coote, Bar. 10; Mr. N. W. Hawkins, Bar. 17; Mr. J. Hodgkinson, Bar. 4; Mr. D. Millington, Bar. 11; Mr. W. A. C. Roberts, Bar. 10.

Mr. W. F. Mackenzie has been elected Captain of Barrack 5, in place of Mr. Beaumont.



Our Theatrical Notes.

What happened to Jones.

Fresh life was fused into this rollicking, rather crude American farce, now getting somewhat hoary, by the tremendous energy with which the title rôle was played, and by the obviously good spirit which reigned on the boards. When the people on

the stage are smart on their cues, interested in their lines, and frankly enjoying the thing as much as you are expected to yourself, it is impossible not to join in the fun, and laugh with them, however ancient you may find the "mistaken identity" situation, however familiar the jokes and devoid of surprise the dénouements. There was a go about this performance distinctly transatlantic.

The evening on which I decided to find out what really did happen to Jones was incidentally the last performance, and the bustling progress from laugh to laugh was occasionally broken by certain actors playing to the stage; since the main object of the Theatre is the entertainment and edification of the Camp — whatever the views of the R.D.S. on this question — the spectators paying to see a show addressed to themselves, this indulgence in private jokes should not be carried to such a point as to hinder the development or to break the atmosphere of the play. It is a thing audiences are quick to resent.

I was surprised to find the stalls much more responsive to Jerome's serio-comedy, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, than that part of the hall most nearly corresponding to our native gallery. Have we no "gods" in Ruhleben? or is the clue to the mysterious back benchers who, having come to laugh (on the understanding that the "Third Floor Back" was another wild American farce) remained to scoff, to be found in the absence of women, and with their total absence a comparative absence of that higher feminine susceptibility to semi-religious emotionalism of the type exploited in this play?

The responsibility for this play changed hands shortly before its production. This may account for the irresponsibility of the lighting, which seemed most of the time undecided as to whether it was sun-lit day or lamplit, evening; or were their antics of the red shaded lamp merely gratis supernatural effects, to be understood in correlation with the suddenly illuminated flat, the open door, the barrel organ, and the violin that sounded not like a child singing, nor a cherub weeping, but like a violin being played rather badly and nothing else in the world?

Much thought and care had been expended on the setting, and the general effect was good; but the stage was so crowded that crossings became lengthy labyrinthine windings, and several

pieces, notably the table and writing desk, were so inconveniently placed that all action about them was invisible to half the audience.

One is disarmed in the criticism of such a play by the conventional impeccability of its ethical sentiments. To attack such a delightful Victorian low Church conception of the perfect man is like violently assaulting an inoffensive curate defiantly ready to turn the other cheek. The individual acting, especially that of several of the minor characters, was exceptionally good. West was clear and genuine, Wilson made a hit as the Jew. Much of the comedy was brought out with a fine strength we are scarcely accustomed to; but Anderson had unfortunately decided to give us the heavy sentimental for all it was worth, raising in the unaffected spectator that passionate desire familiar to those who have read Dean Farrar's *Stories for boys*, to 'go and kick something, or somebody, hard.

It seemed to me that the last state of that lodging house was far worse than the first. There may be people who like this brand of Christianity; personally, I prefer any of the gospels to that according to St. Jerome.

After this emotional philandering, John Bull's other Island, was a welcome moral fillip. Considering the difficulty of the job they had undertaken, the measure of success attained by the Irish Players was very satisfactory. Any producer, I should think, would find the play a difficult one; the last act, for example, would test a good caste, being a conversation bolstered up neither by dramatic incident nor narrative movement — the "story" having inadvertently found a premature finis in the preceding act. We, amongst other people, are still old-fashioned enough to regard any love story in a play as the pivot about which the action will turn, and when the curtain falls on a mystic-political discussion, minus the heroine, we are apt to feel a little taken in.

Much of the humour was well accented, especially in the act concluding with the scene between Merritt and Greene, a piece of good Shavian interpretation. It is a pity Greene cannot screw his voice up an interval; its rumble, pitched about an octave below that of any male character present on the stage, is a trifle uncanny, and gives the lie to a most prepossessing appearance.

Maclaren was a happy choice and a useful find. His cockney valet, occasionally disguised as a cockney butler, is fast becoming an indispensable ingredient.

Just one word as regards Harry Stafford. He was excellent; his rich humour, which he had toned to just the correct key, put new life on to our straight stage: but he must be used with discretion. He is accustomed to all our attention, all the time; and we are accustomed to giving it him; neither he nor we can help it. This makes him a dangerous competitor, any action of which he is not the centre being bound to suffer, should he be present. We saw how the talk of the landlords suffered when placed against Harry Stafford peeling potatoes. He should'nt have been there; his presence was, I believe, an addition to the stage directions of the book; he might with advantage have appeared at intervals, taken his laugh and gone off with it; but to leave him sitting left while the landlords were busy on the right was to give the spectator two centres of interest.

H. M.



Mr. HARRY STAFFORD AS "PATSY FARRELL" IN THE IRISH PLAYERS'
PRODUCTION OF "JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND."

THE KITCHENS AND THEIR STAFF.

ALTHOUGH the Kitchens are familiar to all, few of us ever consider how the work which is carried on them is accomplished, what it involves, and who does it. The following particulars will therefore be of interest.

The two kitchens in the Lager, which cater for the wants of some 3,700 interned, occupy the undivided attention of thirty men, in addition to the four Kitchen Inspectors whose portraits appear in this Magazine. Their task is one of no little magnitude, for the Inspectors are responsible for the preparation and distribution of our Ruhleben bill of fare, from the time that the food is handed over to them by the military authorities. Constant attention to detail and an infinite amount of elbow grease are the principal factors by which the work of the kitchens is carried out. Early morning roll-call has no terrors for the Kitchen staff, for their day begins shortly after four a. m., with the lighting of the fires for morning coffee; at six a. m. this grateful and comforting fluid is ready for transfer to the different Barracks. As soon as the last large can is got away the boilers are cleaned in readiness for the mid-day dinner; the necessary calculations are made for this most important meal, and by six-thirty the vegetables are being cleaned, and the meat is prepared. Every effort is made to vary the meals as much as possible.

The flood-tide of activity is at its height by eleven-thirty, when the different Barracks begin to arrive to draw their rations; by one o'clock the last Barrack, with its inevitable contingent of Oliver Twists, has departed. The Tea House kitchen, in addition to its allotted number of civilian patrons, cooks for the soldiers who are in the Lager.

As soon as the last Barrack has filed out boiler cleaning begins, in readiness for tea. The attendance for this meal, though not so heavy as at mid-day, is enough to keep all hands fully occupied, for there are numberless necessary items that require attention. By five o'clock the kitchens are emptying for the last time, and the interval remaining until bed-time is occupied in a general "wash and brush up" for the day.

The number of those who draw meals varies from day to day. Bad weather has an adverse effect upon the attendance; while the news that a popular dish awaits the billy-can soon spreads round the Camp, and brings a large influx of patrons to the kitchen.

There are, of course, in Ruhleben, as everywhere else, stern judges who are hard to please. These critics may rest assured that so far as hard and unremitting work is concerned the kitchens, at any rate, are beyond censure.



NEAR KITCHEN

ERNEST L. PYKE
HERBERT KASTNER

END KITCHEN

RICHARD H. CARRAD
GEORGE FERGUSSON

Drawings by C. M. Horsfall.

PHOEBE GOES TO THE THEATRE.

I was during the great mid-winter spring cleaning that I discovered Phoebe in an old coat pocket. I had practically given her up, and was overjoyed to find her.

"My dear Phoebe, I am glad to see you again!" I cried. "We must celebrate this great occasion. What would you like to do?"

"Anything for a little life after all that quietness."

"Ask for the moon right away, Phoebe. You know I'm ready to do what I can, but it's absurd to expect life in a place where everybody does nothing but talk, or go to classes."

"Now you're trying to be superior. I hate people who never say a word because they think they're too clever for their company. In reality it's only stupid shyness anyway."

"I don't object to people talking at all. What I dislike is that they generally talk about nothing as long as it fills up the time."

"Like you're doing now," interrupted Phoebe. "So stop it, and take me to the theatre." To the theatre accordingly we went.

"I feel quite excited," she whispered, as the music struck up.

"So does the orchestra, to judge by the noise it's making."

"I wonder why?"

"I expect it's because the conductor is beating one time with his bâton, and another with the pipe in his mouth, and that muddles them up."

"Nonsense! They're not taking any more notice of him than he is of them."

Then the curtain went up, showing us three people doing nothing with extraordinary vigour.

"Isn't it thrilling?" whispered Phoebe presently.

"Rubbish! it's a farce."

"It isn't. I'll bet you someone gets killed, so there!"

"My dear Phoebe, the author is not in the camp. If only you'd listen instead of making silly remarks—"

But she soon found something more to say.

"Why is that man playing five finger exercises on his knee? Oh! look! there's a girl doing exactly the same on the handle of her sun-shade!" she hurst out.

"Don't be ridiculous! They're not playing five finger exercises. They're supposed to be nervous."

"But do nervous people always tickle their knees?"

"What on earth has that to do with it? These people are acting. You seem to —"

"Oh! Something is going to happen. I can see it is."

"You beat me. The air is thick and foul, I can't see anything at all."

She was right though. Something did happen; the curtain went down. The audience roared with delight, and the hum of conversation arose. It died away, though, almost at once; the drum and the cornet were doing a stunt*) on their own.

"What are they doing that for?", asked Phoebe, inquisitive as ever.

"They're just getting a bit back on the conductor, I expect, showing the audience that they have got the whip hand of him, and that he is really quite unnecessary."

"I think it shows just the opposite."

But the second act had started. Before us was a really stupendous scene. Drapery and paint were mingled with extraordinary effect and bad taste.

"Whatever's that thing on the wall there?" Phoebe demanded.

"How should I know? I didn't paint it."

"But what's it there for? What's it supposed to be?"

"It's to make the place look like a real theatre, — a real fifth-rate provincial theatre, you understand."

"Well, what do you expect?" she said, turning on me with real feminine inconsistency. "£10,000 scenery. You ought to be too pleased to have any theatre at all, instead of being so particular!"

"I'm not particular. I only want things to be done as well as possible. So that's all. Look at those curious marks we saw just now, supposed to resemble antlers. Did they look like real antlers? No. Were they necessary? No. The only reason they could have been there was because of their absolute hideousness, — unless they were intended as a joke, which I don't believe. People who paint that kind of thing couldn't make a joke if they tried."

"Of course", I went on after a pause, "one can understand the weirdly shaped rooms. They're to keep the audience quiet, puzzling about the shape of the building, in which the room is supposed to be, when they're bored blind by the play. One can even understand the windows being so unnecessarily close to the doors sometimes. It is in order that the audience may get a shock, when any of the cast, after making use of the door, turns up again alive and well, and one realizes that he did not fall some twenty feet or so, but got away safely by the aid of the fire escape.

*) By special permission of the Y. M. C. A.

At least, I think it is; though now I come to think of it, perhaps they are supposed to make use of some aeroplane. Look on the programme and see if anyone's name is mentioned as having built an aeroplane for entrances and exits."

"Don't be absurd! As if they could use a real aeroplane!"

"That has nothing to do with it. Don't you see it would give the producers a chance to put another unnecessary name on the programme."

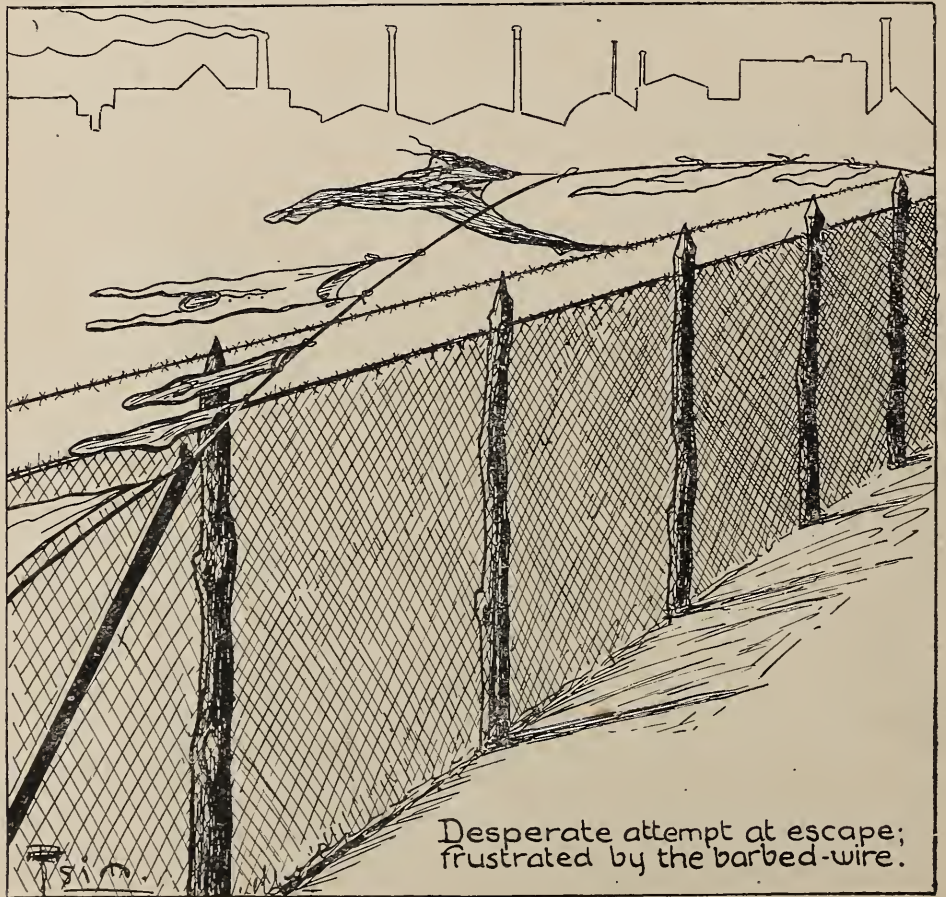
"What, that dirty piece of paper? I threw it away."

"I'd have you know I paid ten pfennigs for it."

"You mean to tell me they charge for those things? Whatever for?"

"If there were a reason, a good solid, valid reason why we should pay for them, you may be sure they would be given away. It's because they cost next to nothing to print, that we are forced to buy them!" And with that I bent down to look for my programme. By the time I had found it, Phoebe had gone out, and having no matches left, I seized an early opportunity to follow her example.

T. G.



Desperate attempt at escape; frustrated by the barbed-wire.

Nautical Notes.



IN our last issue we touched on the work of the Camp School, in so far as it affects the seafarers in this Camp. Since then, in spite of the voluntary subscription of 25 pf. the attendance at the Nautical classes has increased, and many seafarers continue to find this a profitable way of spending their time.

At a meeting of Nautical teachers, held on the 12th. March, it was agreed that more facilities ought to be given to certificated men who are studying for higher grades.

In the Nautical and Marine Engineers Circles, the following lectures have been given since our last issue:—

In the Nautical Circles, Mr. Venables, on "Steering-gear and Telegraphs"; Mr. Maldon, on "Drake"; Mr. Copping, "Notes on Fans and Ventilators". Further lectures booked for this Circle are:— Mr. Smith, on "Magnetic Experiments with Demonstrations"; Mr. Davies to repeat his paper on "Fuel"; Mr. Kapp on "Aerial Transport"; Mr. Scholes, "A chat on the Manchester Ship Canal".

M. E. A. Circle. Since our last report we have had a change in high quarters, Mr. Shaw having resigned his position as President of the Branch, much to the regret of its members; however the post is capably filled by Mr. Peter Thomson, who was elected by a large majority. Mr. A. Wechsler's lecture on Oxi-Acetylene Welding was greatly appreciated by a large audience, and we are in hopes he will favour us with a continuation of this interesting subject. Mr. L. J. Ball has created great discussion over his lecture on "Wage Theories", and we are anxiously anticipating his next, which is "The Wage System and Trades Unionism", with the hope that the theories are not too idealistic to be ultimately realised.

Both Circles unite in giving thanks to the gentlemen who by their lectures, have enabled them to pass their time in such a profitable manner.

Thanks are also due to the Class teachers of both branches who, by their indefatigable efforts, have helped so many men to prepare themselves for further usefulness.

"We believe that a grant is allowed by our Government "to the wives and families of interned merchant seamen. The "owners of the ship on which seamen were serving at the time "of their internment are not legally required to pay anything "to them during the period of their internment, but what the "law may determine and what the shipowner may determine "to do are not always one and the same thing." — Extract from recent Shipping news.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

No doubt the sea-faring men in the Camp are pleased to see a space in your paper, devoted to Nautical Notes, but surely something better might have been expected from the seafaring men than that article, dealing in a feebly jesting manner with such things as the decision of the House of Lords, on the question of wages, &c. As regards the question of wages, it is a very serious affair, indeed, and not at all a thing to practise cheap jokes on. The light-hearted manner in which the writer of the article in your March No. handles the matter, makes one almost doubt whether this man is a seafaring man at all. As he also shows a woeful ignorance of legal matters, in saying it is over and done with, it might interest him to know that a well-known authority on English law has declared that, "during hostilities it is extremely improbable that an authoritative decision on the common law will ever be given", and also further states that "the reasonableness of the action is to be determined by the ordinary Courts when peace is restored". The title and whereabouts of this book will be supplied by me to this would-be intellectual giant, or if any other gentleman is interested enough to apply to yourself, I will furnish the necessary particulars on application. The remark about the five bob a week, undoubtedly made in order to say something, however feeble, about the Relief Fund, is too weak to deserve any comment.

If this gentleman must write something, and no one wishes to think his spirit is not quite willing, please ask him to write something sensible, and something worth reading.

Yours etc.,

"BITTER LAKES."

"Lay him to Rest in God's acre, —
Secure in his honest beliefs,
That Heaven is prepared for the Junior,
And H——l is reserved for the chiefs!"



SICK BUT HAPPY!

THE AUTOCRAT AT THE RUHLÉBEN TEA TABLE.

THANKS mainly to my firmness and tact we are quite a comfortable little party in our Box, although at times Chippendale shows himself lacking in the finer feelings of modesty and respect. When the Kultur epidemic first broke out it was he who suggested that it be made a rule of the Box that none of its occupants should join any learned society formed in the Camp, and we had all agreed.

I had suspected for some time, however, that Prodgers was preparing to blossom out into a High Brow. He had not had a hair-cut for some months, had recently purchased several of Musset's monumental shilling volumes on Art and Literature, and had spoken frequently in terms of reverence and awe of the shining lights of the A. & S. U., who scintillate on Mondays from 6.30 to 8 p. m., before their dazzled admirers and pitying fellow Supermen.

Chippendale, whose mind seldom rises above Nelson 7d. novels, except when, by chance, he secures the loan of the Decameron, or Tom Jones, and who pronounced the Reference Library a frost after having wasted a morning there looking through Lecky's History of European Morals, with apparently disappointing results, took him to task the other afternoon.

"I say, Prodgers" he said, "would you be good enough to inform the Box whether it is true that you've joined the A. & S. U.?"

"No, I haven't," replied Prodgers, colouring up, "but I've joined the Historical Circle. My qualifications would probably not satisfy the A. & S. U.; my career has not been academic; and then, you know, I've done no creative work!"

"I rather thought you had", said Chippendale cynically, glancing up at the photo which Prodgers has pasted up over his bunk; "but if you must make an ass of yourself I hope that, for the sake of the Box, you will do it as unostentatiously as possible."

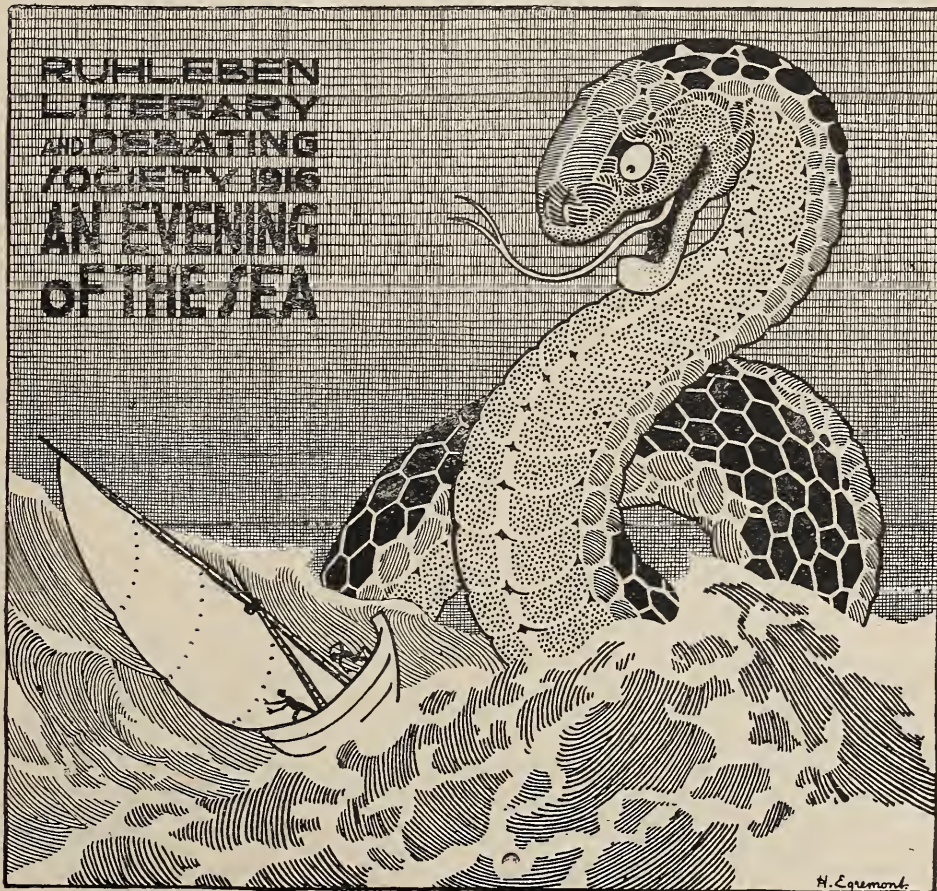
At this point I intervened:

"I don't see, Chippendale, why you should object to Prodgers endeavouring to improve his mind and, at the same time, spread sweetness and light in the Camp. It is an excellent opportunity for him. The Encyclopædia Britannica still contains a large number of articles with which the majority of us are unfamiliar, and should he decide to specialise in recent Scandinavian Literature, he will also find in the Reference Library quite a number of books on Chemistry and the Atomic Theory which, as everyone knows, are the best introductions to Ibsen and Strindberg."

Here the subject dropped, for the time-being, as our Peggy came in to clear the table, and after tea, Snooks took up most of my time. Snooks is a cattle dealer, and arrived in the Fatherland on business, on July 31st. 1914. Infected by the general thirst for knowledge in the Camp, he wrote home to his sister a few weeks ago, asking her to send him a book dealing with his line of business. That morning the book had arrived, and Snooks had already read a few pages with apparent bewilderment before asking me what the devil the publishers meant by giving the book such a name. I looked at the title and found that he was reading Maria Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls", and explained to him gently that present day breeders consider the book quite out of date.

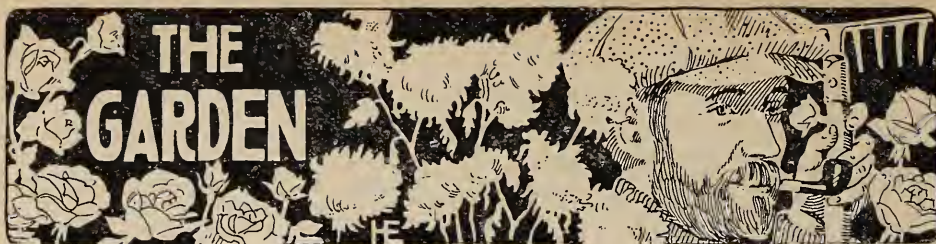
I think I will encourage Prodggers to scintillate. He could probably transcribe as well as anyone else in the Camp, and is really unnecessarily modest. But I expect he will soon get over this, and that in a few weeks I shall be adding him to the list of youngsters who would really be remarkably wise if they only knew everything which is contained in their own lectures.

H. B. F.



POSTERS OF THE MONTH

No ..



I remember that whilst writing my notes last month a lovely early spring sun was shining, and I think everyone had hopes that the cold weather had said goodbye; but since then we have had another cold snap, and it is just these same cold snaps I want to talk about. My experience of the central part of this country is that late frosts are a very frequent occurrence, and round this neighbourhood, which is absolutely unsheltered from the north and east winds, I should say they are still more frequent. Therefore, if you should have any young plants in your garden, or young shoots coming through from seed, do not forget to cover them up for protection from frost, particularly on those clear, starry April and May nights which are often the fore-runners of a sharp frost. You may say to yourselves, "It was not necessary last year to take these precautions", but I would remind you that last season gardening commenced much later than I hope it will do this. I wonder if it occurred to any Camp gardener to save some seeds from his last year's plants, nasturtiums, mignonette, etc.? for if it did, he should set them at once in a box, placing them in a sunny spot in the day-time, and removing them inside the Barrack for the night. By doing this he will be among the first to have them blooming in his garden.

If possible, put a piece of glass over your seedling box, just raising one corner slightly to let the air in and the dampness out, for it is necessary to keep the soil continually moist. Do not forget (and this is important), to carry your seed boxes into the Barrack overnight, in case of a surprise visit from Jack Frost; but apart from this, it is necessary to retain as much warmth as possible in the soil, as seeds will not germinate properly in a cold soil, and the cold night air will rob the soil of all its heat, thus retarding the process of germination. Other advantages derived from seeding in boxes, and therefore to be adopted as much as possible, are the saving of the limited garden space at your disposal, and being enabled to plant out your seedlings from the boxes direct into their permanent places in the garden. Thus you will avoid the necessity of reserving probably half your garden space as a

sort of nursery. This will improve the appearance of your garden as well.

Our friends in the wooden Barracks are certainly the most favourably situated, as they have a good subsoil ready to hand, which is a great advantage, considering the fact that the stone Barracks are surrounded with nothing else but pieces of brick and mortar. It is therefore up to the dwellers in the "wooden houses" to show the way to their less fortunate neighbours.

I know that there will be some difficulty in procuring suitable soil, but I think, if the Rennbahn Inspector, who is to be found about the Camp most days, is spoken to very nicely, he will allow you to fetch enough good soil from his large store, just outside the barbed wire fence at the east end of the Lager, to enable you to freshen up the old garden soil of last year. It is not necessary to have very rich soil for growing such plants as we can best cultivate here, for overfeeding is just as dangerous to plant life as it is to Ruhlebenites.

Should any Camp gardener wish to make any suggestions as to further improvements, I shall be glad to incorporate them in the next article, and if he will hand them in at the Editor's Office, Fleet Street, they will reach me.

Before I close, I would just like to draw the attention of intending purchasers of geraniums to the fact that last year a large number of old stock plants were delivered into the Camp, and to warn them to be on the look out (this time, and accept only this year's cuttings. The old plants have a root stem half an inch or more thick, so the difference is easily discernible. I note that there is already activity among the garden lovers in the Camp, and I hope that this will continue without abatement throughout the season.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

MIRACLE!

(suite et fin).

Ce fut mon tour d'être ahuri

Je fis un pas; elle sourit,

Et répondant à son sourire

Je fis deux pas; elle de dire:

— Bonjour, Monsieur . . . oh!
qu'avez-vous?

— Mon vif regard dévoila tout.

Elle comprit mais la bergère

Me taquina de voix légère:

— N'aimez vous point votre logis?

Que voulez-vous de plus, ici?

Du linge frais chaque semaine,

Point de labeur, aucune peine

Boire, manger, jouer, dormir,

D'un tel bonheur ai grand désir!"

— Vraiment! alors? — Pauvre
bonhomme

Je sais: affreux? attendez . . . home!

BY THE WAY.

OUR comment on the reduction of hot water facilities on Sundays, which appeared in our last number, was made public at 8 a. m. on Sunday the 12th of March. At 8.15 a notice appeared on the boiler house announcing the abolition of this restriction Who says that Camp papers are no good?

IT has been decided to build a new boiler house to accommodate the increasing number of newspaper cuttings, notices, and anonymous announcements which now appear on the old buildings.

Mr. FOSTER Kell's lecture on "Crossing the Atlantic" has met with a most enthusiastic welcome. Naturally; but why not "The North Sea"?

THE premises occupied by the Special Order Department have lately been enlarged. This will, we hope, enable the department to deal with an order for two yards of cretonne in less than four weeks.

IT is no good asking us to explain the Camp's latest puzzle, — the Balance Sheet. We do not know any more about it than the people who drew it up.

A water polo club has now been formed, and a successful season is anticipated. A committee has, of course, been formed, and a suitable pitch secured on the plot lately occupied by the Hockey club. "TO BRITISHERS!" Why not sign your name?

TINNED-LOTUS-EATERS.



"I SAY REX, OLD MAN! I'M ALMOST BORED ENOUGH TO WORK!"



DISTRIBUTION OF CLEANSSED RAIMENT



CEREMONIAL OBLATIONS



COOKED HERBS & BAKED MEATS



WORKING PARTY & BESTOWAL OF BOUNTY

C.M.A.Y.

FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY

DISCOVERED AT RUM-EL-BEN: B.C. 1916



REFERENCE LIBRARY.

IN the spring of 1915 education in Ruhleben began a serious offensive: the Camp School came into being and into line with the Arts and Science Union, and the Education Committee determined that the march of knowledge, thus happily set going, should not flag for want of supplies. In short, if lectures and classes did not thrive, it should not be for lack of books.

With this end in view, Mr. Wimpfheimer wrote to his friend, Mr. A. T. Davies, Permanent Secretary to the Welsh Department, Education Board, Whitehall. This gentleman interested himself in the matter, and by the end of July was able to report as follows: — "We are trying to do the thing properly. I am in communication with the Foreign Office, so as to insure that there shall be no hitch in getting through to you a goodly collection of educational works, which I hope will be the result of the appeal, which we are this week making, with the approval of the President of the Board of Education, to the Universities, a large number of educational bodies and private individuals in this country". The response to Mr. Davies' appeal was British, and the gradual result our present library. To mention only one University: the Cambridge University Press sent a list of books, with permission to pick and choose up to the value of £ 10. And to mention only one individual: Sir Sidney Lee sent "the British Prisoners at Ruhleben his very kind regards" and the latest edition of his *Life of Shakespeare*:

A first consignment of four cases arrived in October — at the time when soldiers were evacuating their rooms in civilian Barracks. Where Mars had retired, Minerva entered in, the Reference Librarian, Dr. Ettinghausen, receiving permission to bring his books to shelf and order in the Captain's room, Barrack 13. For ten weeks the Reference Library enjoyed Mr. Redmayne's hospitality, and at the New Year moved into its present, more convenient quarters at the N. E. corner of Y. M. C. A. Hall.

As to the future of the six thousand and more volumes now at our disposal, it can only be said as yet that the Board of Education at home has been considering their future for some time. Mr. Davies suggests that on that blessed day when the Camp breaks up, the books might pass into the care of the American Ambassador, who could transmit them in due course to the Belgian Minister of Education for distribution among technical, secondary, and elementary schools in that country. Meanwhile, any further and perhaps more feasible suggestions could be submitted to the authorities in London.

R. G. L. B.



Our Lambkins



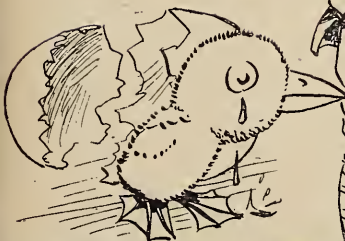
The First Snowdrop!



Spring Fashions from Our Saville Row.



Our Lark & our Spring Poet.



Good Gracious! what a place to spend Easter in!

And Jones thought HE was being Funny!



The Cuckoo appears!



Spring Cleaning!



alas!

Cholyneuf 16

Mr. MORVAREN'S MUSIC

to "The Passing of the Third-floor Back".

WHILE one may question the need and even the desirability of music during the intervals of a play — and especially of the modern "problem-play" — there can be no doubt that the music composed by Mr. Quentin Morvaren for the above mentioned work lent an added interest to the production. If one fails to distinguish any marked originality in his music, and if his habit of repeating short phrases and figures as many as four times in succession becomes rather irritating, one may well take into consideration the trying conditions under which the young composer has had to do his work. Whatever else may be said in this favour, Ruhleben is not exactly the place to stimulate original creative work! The Prelude to Act I is in the form of a set of Variations — (the writer of these notes has to admit that until seeing a Programme after the performance he was blissfully ignorant of this fact, and trusts that the composer will not consider him frightfully obtuse!) — and is a very effective, if rather reminiscent, piece of work. The opening bars suggest the Waldweben from "Siegfried" so forcibly that one begins pleasantly to anticipate the piping note of the Waldvogel, and feels rather let down when the Pianoforte breaks in with something very like a Brahms Intermezzo. Towards the end a more individual note is sounded, and the scoring of the closing bars is quite striking.

The "Canzonetta" played between Acts II and III, also suffers from a lack of originality, but is, nevertheless, a charmingly melodious and expressive composition. Mr. Morvaren may safely be counted on to produce work of genuine merit in the future, for he adds to a fine musical feeling a capacity for hard work which many a more highly-gifted musician might well covet: and the lack of individuality referred to is by no means a bad sign, most good composers passing through a more or less imitative stage before finding their own style. The responsible authorities might at least have paid the composer the compliment of keeping the doors shut during the performance of the Prelude: the moving about of late-comers made it very difficult for those who were interested in the music to give it adequate attention.

RUHLEBEN MUSICAL SOCIETY.

ON February 27th. a special orchestral concert was given, several works which had previously been performed under the conductorship of Messrs. Weber and Macmillan being repeated under the same direction. With the exception of the Serenade

of Tschaikowsky none of the pieces went quite so well as at its original performance, but the concert was keenly appreciated by the very large audience. Mr. Bonhote provided agreeable diversion by his charming singing. At the Chamber Concert arranged by Mr. Pauer on March 12th. a programme of varying interest was presented. A most enjoyable performance of Mozart's String Quartett No. 12 in G, was given by Messrs. Marshall, McIlwain, Williams and Schlesinger, their playing being marked by a natural grace and simple, unaffected style which were wholly delightful. Of the Trio by Niels Gade, which brought the concert to a close, it can only be said that one marvelled that Messrs. Conn, Dodd and Pauer should have taken the trouble to prepare it as much as they did, for a duller or more anaemic composition it would be hard to imagine.

Mr. Lindsay's brilliantly rendered pianoforte solos and the singing of Mr. Charles Weber were very attractive features of this concert. The latter gentleman made a most successful first appearance as vocalist, his highly dramatic singing of three songs by Grieg rousing the audience to enthusiasm.

B. J. D.

AN ARTISTIC EPISODE.

Scene: A Race Course.

MADDER BROWN sat on the Grand Stand with his girl Molly, watching the race. HIS SLOPPY appearance showed he was a bitt off colour, but MOLYNEUX the reason! He had made an EGREEMONT with her that if the horse he had backed won, he would ask her TOOBY his bride! The race was drawing to a close. "EVANS! Brown's jockey led easily! How he urged his BEESTON! Brown's colour was high as he yelled "R.A! R.A! Tally-HO, TOP First!" "Be quiet, sir!" cried an old gentleman in an annoyed tone; "that mare will not WIN, SIR!" Scarcely were these words framed when, to Brown's horror, he saw his HORSE FALL! He CUSSED ENergetically! But the jockey, with the patience of J.O.B. remounted his mare, and was able to WALK 'ER past the post! Madder turned to Molly with set-square jaw, and said: "MOL OWN I have won you! Something, however, WADE on her mind, and she hesitated for an instant; but a week later they were married by the BISHOP. When the ceremony was over, in came Pa, late as usual, having MIST his train, and gave his daughter his blessing. "Be GOOD, CHILD," he said, and let who will be clever!"

NITCHEVO.



FOOTBALL.

THE coming of the better weather enabled us to get into harness again on March 3rd. As is customary, we recommenced with our exhibition match. The teams were chosen by Steven Bloomer and John Cameron, and were as follows: — Bloomer's team. Nicoll; Lithgow, Miller; Brearley, Quinn, Bodin; Pentland, Bloomer, Harris, Garden, Slade. Cameron's team: — Still; Stewart, Mills; Hartley, Wolstenholme, Lamb; Wilson, Perry, Dixon, Cameron, Hill. Referee: Warner. Linesmen: Astin, Mackie.

Exhibition matches have always been very popular in Camp, and from the point of view of the huge crowd of spectators and their keen interest in every incident proved that this game was no less popular than its predecessors. The result, 4—3 in favour of Cameron's team, was a fair reflex of the run of the game.

For the winners Still gave a brilliant exhibition in goal. In all Camp football he has proved himself a really splendid custodian, but in this match he eclipsed all previous performances. Stewart was the best back on the field, but that is nothing fresh. But in this case it was particularly pleasing, as it shewed he has fully recovered from his recent injuries. Mills opened shakily but soon got into his stride, and played a fine game. Like many other players in the Camp, Lamb proved more at home in these games than in the League matches and played grandly. Wolstenholme was as usual a tower of strength and cleverness. Hartley was to my mind the best half on the field. With such a defence behind them it was not surprising that the forwards had plenty of opportunities of scoring, and they were not slow in accepting their chances, as the score indicates.

For the losers, Nicoll was in grand form, and Lithgow and Miller played well against such a strong attack. Bodin was unfortunately compelled to leave the field after twenty minutes play, and Heath took his place. Our halves played finely and fed us well enough. The real cause of our defeat was the writer's inability to take advantage of at least two easy chances of scoring. Slade, Garden, Harris and Bloomer all played well. Many people to whom I spoke consider it was the best game ever seen in Ruhleben.

The League started again the following day (March 4), when the Boys' Barrack met Barrack 3. The latter were the favourites for the 2nd Division, but the Boys played them practically to a standstill, and ran out easy winners by 4—0.

The same afternoon a further 2nd League match took place between 2 and 8. It was generally thought that the

latter would have a light task in securing the two points, but after a very even game the result was a draw: 1—1.

Sunday morning, March 5th was the meeting of the two old rivals 9 v. 4. Barrack 4 have a knack of upsetting all the "good things". On paper it looked easy for 9, but actually they had to fight very hard to secure victory by 2—1, and no one could deny that a draw would have fairly represented the run of the play.

Later in the day 7 played 8. It was a fast, interesting match, and 8 just secured the two points by the narrow margin of 2—1. Kastner for 8 was in fine form in goal, otherwise the score might easily have been reversed. Bar. 7 is a much improved side and will win many games before the season ends.

March 6. Bar. 10 v. Bar. 17. A fast, interesting game in which, as the score indicates, 10 were much the superior side.

The results of the two afternoon 2nd League matches were 9 v. 11, 3—2; 5 v. 7, 0—0.

March 7. Bar. 5 v. Bar. 11. The former team gave one of their best exhibitions, and won by the huge margin of 7—3. Owen was in grand form and scored several goals.

2nd league 10 v. 4. Result 9—2

" " Boys v. 17. " 4—1.

March 12. 1st. League. Bar. 2. v. Bar. 3. The latter were much the superior side and won comfortably 4—1. 1st. League, Bar. 4 v. Bar. 8. 9—1. A very hard fast game in which 4 were undoubtedly the better side in every department but shooting. Had they taken merely a percentage of their opportunities they would certainly have won easily.

March 13. 1st. League: 7 v. 17 9—0. The winners were easily the better side and might have augmented their score with an atom of luck. Hartley was the great man of the team.

2nd League 11 v. 2. 2—3

" " 15 v. 8. 0—2.

Tuesday, March 14th. 1st. League. 9 v. 11. 3—1. Bar. 11 were compelled, through injuries, to take the field without their two best players, Bodin and Bloomer. However they gave the prospective champions a good hard fight. It was a real enjoyable tussle and the score is a fair criterion of the game.

1st. League. 5 v. 20. 2—0. A splendid match, fast and clever. The winners' only advantage was in front of goal, but as this is the most important factor in the winning of matches, they fully deserved the victory.

2nd D. 4 v. 3. 3—1.

FRED B. PENTLAND.



"NURSEY DEAR ! WHO IS THAT FUNNY MAN KISSING MOTHER ?"

"THAT'S YOUR FATHER, DEAR !"

RUGBY.

○ WING to bad weather no Rugby was possible for a considerable period after the end of the Cup Final. The result of this long period of inactivity was shown in the play of the first match of the second round of the 'League, in which the Barbarians met the Harlequins. The Barbarians have been greatly strengthened by the inclusion of Scott, Ritchie, Mounsey and Charnley of the United Services, which team had to be disbanded owing to want of support. Scott and Mounsey were just the men required to make Blackheath an excellent all-round team, which fact was proved by Blackheath beating the Harlequins by 22 points to 3. As usual Harlequins put up an excellent game and, but for the want of a couple of good three-quarters, would have gone very near beating them.

The second match to be played was that between Barbarians and Wasps. By means of the dashing play of their three-quarters the Barbarians managed to win by 11—5, though their forward play was pretty horrible at times. As is their way the Wasps were individually good, but lacked a great deal in combination.

There was a short pause after this match, owing to bad weather, and the next match to be played was Nomads v. Wasps, who got out their team at a few hours notice owing to Harlequins being unable to turn out. This match was extraordinarily fast from start to finish, and at times there were some absolutely "hyper-exciting" moments. Both sides tackled hard and low. The forwards, after the first ten minutes or so, were evenly matched, and there was very little to choose between the three-quarters. After many hard tussles the whistle blew, leaving the game a draw, nothing being scored.

Blackheath appeared against Barbarians in the second match. Blackheath played up well and combined excellently, but in spite of all their efforts, the hard tackling of the Barbarians prevented them from scoring more often than once. The brilliant play of R. Scott was responsible for Blackheath's try, which Smyth just failed to convert. The three-quarters on both sides are very speedy and, as a result, the play was very fast, and it is wonderful that the forwards managed to keep it up.

The next match to be played was Nomads v. Harlequins, and again the Harlequins put up a brilliant game against a team superior in every department of the game. But they have to thank Nicoll for the score being so low, for it was he

who did all the work. They have some excellent forwards who work well together, and it is unfortunate that they have not a better set of outsides. Nomads were far below their form and were lucky to win by 11—4. They have excellent outsides if only they would hold their passes.

This match is the last up to the time of writing, but some good matches are to be seen in the future, for instance, Blackheath v. Wasps, and Nomads v. Barbarians.

As soon as the League is finished a series of international games will be played. As last year, four teams will be entered, namely:— England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, and the Colonies together. These should be very fine games and of great interest to all followers of Rugger.

VILLAGER.

MISFORTUNES WE ARE SPARED !!



Embracing Taxis in Full flight!



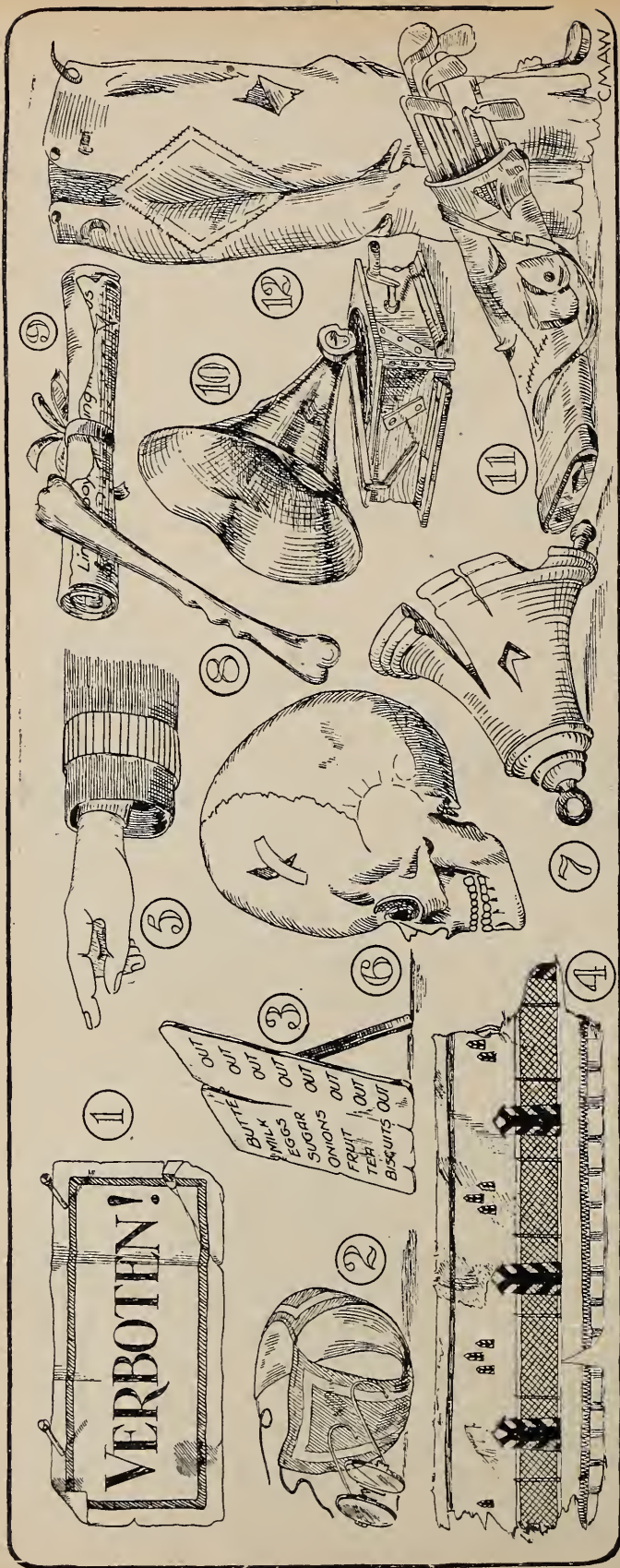
Shrinking our newest 'Whites'



!!!!!!



Trissing our Main!



SPECIMENS FROM THE RUHLERBEN MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES. PERIOD 1914 CIRCA.

1. Plaque . A number of these have been found.
 2. Sun-worshipper's costume.
 3. Shop sign of the period.
 4. Landscape of the period.
 5. Decoration of high official.
 6. Skull of Superman of the period.
 7. Musical Instrument.
 8. Tibia of Sportsman.
 9. Chant or Anthem.
 10. Instrument of Torture.
 11. Toys for the mentally deficient.
 12. Armoured Nether Garments.



GOLF JOTTINGS.

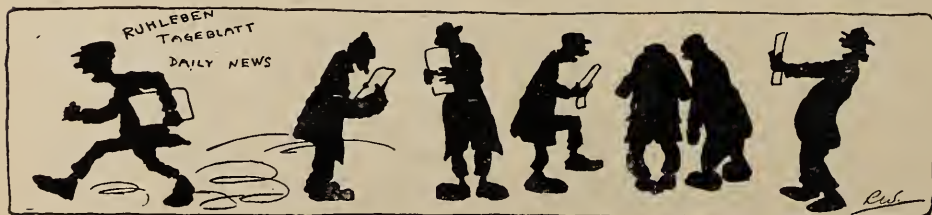
A General meeting of the Ruhleben G. C. was held on 25th. Feb. in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, with Mr. G. Fisher in the Chair. There were about forty members present. The Hon. Secretary read a very satisfactory balance sheet, shewing a balance in hand of some M. 200. The members present shewed their confidence in the committee by re-electing it en bloc for the coming season. At the request of the Chairman the committee was increased from 5 to 6 members, Mr. Fachiri being elected for that purpose.

The next business was the question of the subscription for the coming season, and this was fixed at M. 5.00 in spite of opposition from one member who declared that he didn't see the fun of paying M. 5.00 for the privilege of knocking a ball into a condensed milk tin!

There was a good deal of discussion as to whether the Club membership should be limited or not, and it was finally decided, in view of the shortness of the hour's play, to fix the limit at 135, the number of members then on the books being 128. In conclusion, Mr. Fisher intimated that a third and recent attempt to secure the other half of the race-course for golf had unfortunately met with failure. By way of consolation however, he announced on behalf of the Committee, that the season's programme included the purchase of new stakes, flags, tins &c., — and possibly a new net, and that marked improvements in the course in general, and more especially in the greens, had already received serious consideration. The meeting then terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

The season opens officially on April 1st., but I'm afraid it will not be until the end of April, when the football comes to an end, that we shall be able to take the course seriously in hand. A green committee has been appointed to carry out the promised improvements and to see that the course is maintained in good order. They mean to do their best, and feel confident of the loyal support and co-operation of the members in general in their endeavours to make as much as possible out of — well, nothing. One word more; Mr. Gummery has been elected to the Sports Committee, to represent golfing interests. He's a good man, and will look after us.

MIDGET DIMPLE.





GROUP OF GOLFERS AND JOCKEYS.

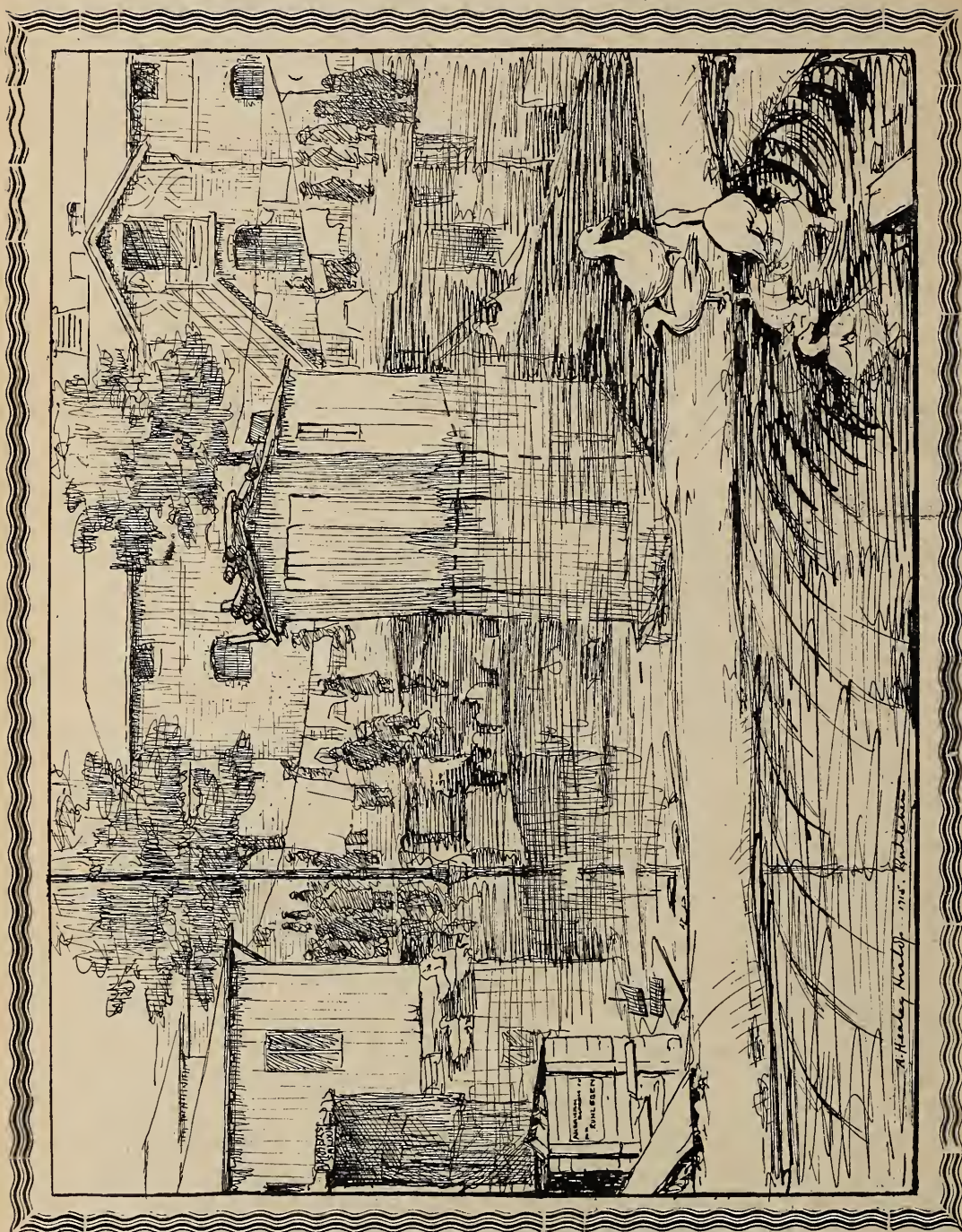
TENNIS PROSPECTS.

It is intended to re-open the Tennis Courts, with perhaps one additional court if space permits, as soon as the settled spring weather arrives. Steps have been already taken to obtain the various renewals and requirements for the coming season, with a view to beginning as early as possible, and of having a full season's play, which will no doubt meet the wishes of most members, judging by the way some clung to the courts till the bitter end, last autumn. No doubt the Committee are glad that this year matters will be more or less plain sailing, and in view of the fact that there is a satisfactory balance left over from last season, the commencement will not have such an element of financial uncertainty about it as to cause a repetition of anxiety on this score.

The Courts, considering the site was not originally laid down for the purpose, stood the wear and tear of continuous daily play, such as those of a Club would not be called upon to stand, much better than was expected at the beginning, and there is no doubt that, by comparison with the other Games in this Camp, a greater amount of amusement and exercise were afforded by them to the maximum of prisoners on a minimum of space.



— TO BE RELEASED !



A. Henry Walsh 1895. Boston



"I doubt it said the Carpenter,
& shed a Bitter Tear"!

FOOTBALL GROUP.

Owing to a mistake on the part of the photographer, the football photograph has not been delivered to the printer, and we are consequently unable to publish it. We hope to insert photograph in a later number.

SLAVES OF THE GUN.

"The Furnace was thy Mother,
The Brain of Man thy Sire;
Our scorched hands prepared thy Bed
Of flaming Coal, and cursing, fed
Thy white-hot Natal Pyte.

For thee we toiled and panted,
And fed the furnace blast:
Our eyes are dim, our shoulders crouch
With watching round thy molten
Couch,

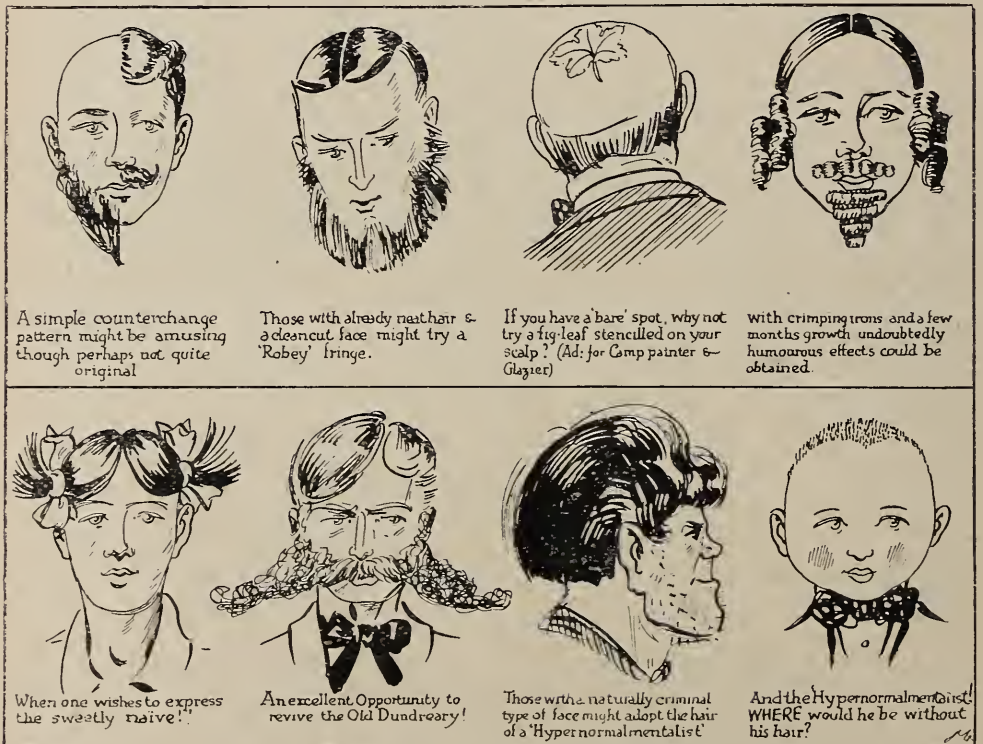
Great Gun — our Slave at last! —

We toiled, thy bulk accomplished,
To satiate thy greed;
We worked again like fiends in Hell
To fill thy hungry Maw with Shell:
Now, forth! and serve our need!"

But lo! The Great Gun answered:
"A god, no slave am I!
Through me shall Empires live
and fall;
A Slave, say ye? Nay, Lord of all!
Come, worship, or ye die!

"Scion am I of Moloch,
My Fire is slave of none!
Ye who invoke the Flame-God's aid,
Know first the price that must be
paid! —
— Stoop, Slaves, and serve — The
Gun!!

Hirsutal Experiments seem to be such a popular Amusement of Ruhlbenites, that we beg to offer a few further Suggestions to startle your friends with.



CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Sir,

I've had a shot at Your "FOUR EASY QUESTIONS" and I figure it out:—

(1) It will take the twelve men practically, 656,167 years before they re-arrange themselves in every possible way.

(2) The two strikers stationed themselves at the 16th. and 31st. positions in the circle.

(3) The Pondside proprietors got over the difficulty in the following manner:—

		24 pints.	13 pints.	11 pints.	5 pints,
The cans as originally filled,					
First re-arrangement.	0	„	13	„	11 „ 0 „
Second Do.	0	„	8	„	11 „ 5 „
Third Do.	8	„	0	„	11 „ 5 „
Fourth Do.	8	„	13	„	3 „ 0 „
Fifth Do.	8	„	8	„	3 „ 5 „
Last Do.	8	„	8	„	8 „ 0 „

(4) I make it that the punter got back to Barrack Z poorer at the end of the day.

Yours faithfully,

A. LOFTER.

To the Editor,

1st. March, 1916,

Dear Sir,

We interned civilians in this Camp number roughly 3,700 men, of whom some 1,500 are, I am informed, on the books of the Education Department. It may be assumed that but a very small percentage of the total of 3,700 do not write letters, and it is a matter of fact that there is no single place where the average individual can go for that purpose and, at the same time, be warm (in winter) and quiet. Would it not have been well, could it not be so even yet, if the rooms leading off from the Y. M. C. A. Hall had been fitted with rough desks where members of the camp could conduct their correspondence in peace and quiet each day? The Hall, like nine-tenths of the space in the camp, that is both suitable and available, would still be at the disposal of the large number of students who are the chief occupants daily. Perhaps a little friendly discussion on the subject, through the medium of your columns, might eventually produce some of that spirit which is coupled with "take", or even lead to some alternative scheme for supplying a Camp need.

Yours faithfully,

A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL.



WHIST DRIVE IN A LOFT

By FRED GLUCK.



THE G. P. O. RUHLEBEN.

TRIOLETS.

I.

Variety shows
 The taste of the Camp:—
 — From Ibsen, to those
 Variety Shows. —
 But people who pose
 Will sneeringly stamp
 Variety Shows
 "The taste of the Camp!"

II.

They say that we lie
 In luxury's lap;
 If this we deny,
 They say that we lie!
 Because you or I
 Take an afternoon nap,
 They say that we lie
 In luxury's lap!

NITCHEVO.



THE PASSING OF THE 3RD FLOOR BACK
 (For one performance only ')

LANGUAGES! LANGUAGES!! LANGUAGES!!!

NEW LANGUAGES FOR OLD!!!

THE RUHLEBEN LANGUAGE FACTORY HAS
 ACCOMMODATION FOR ANOTHER 500 PUPILS!!!

LINE UP, LINGUISTIC LAGERITES!

LEARN EVERY LANGUAGE BUT YOUR OWN!!!

FRENCH WHILE YOU WAIT!

ITALIAN, SPANISH & RUSSIAN

∴ IN FIVE MINUTES! ∴

ADVANCED CLASSES IN BILLINGSGATE, BY
 NATIVE PROFESSORS!!!

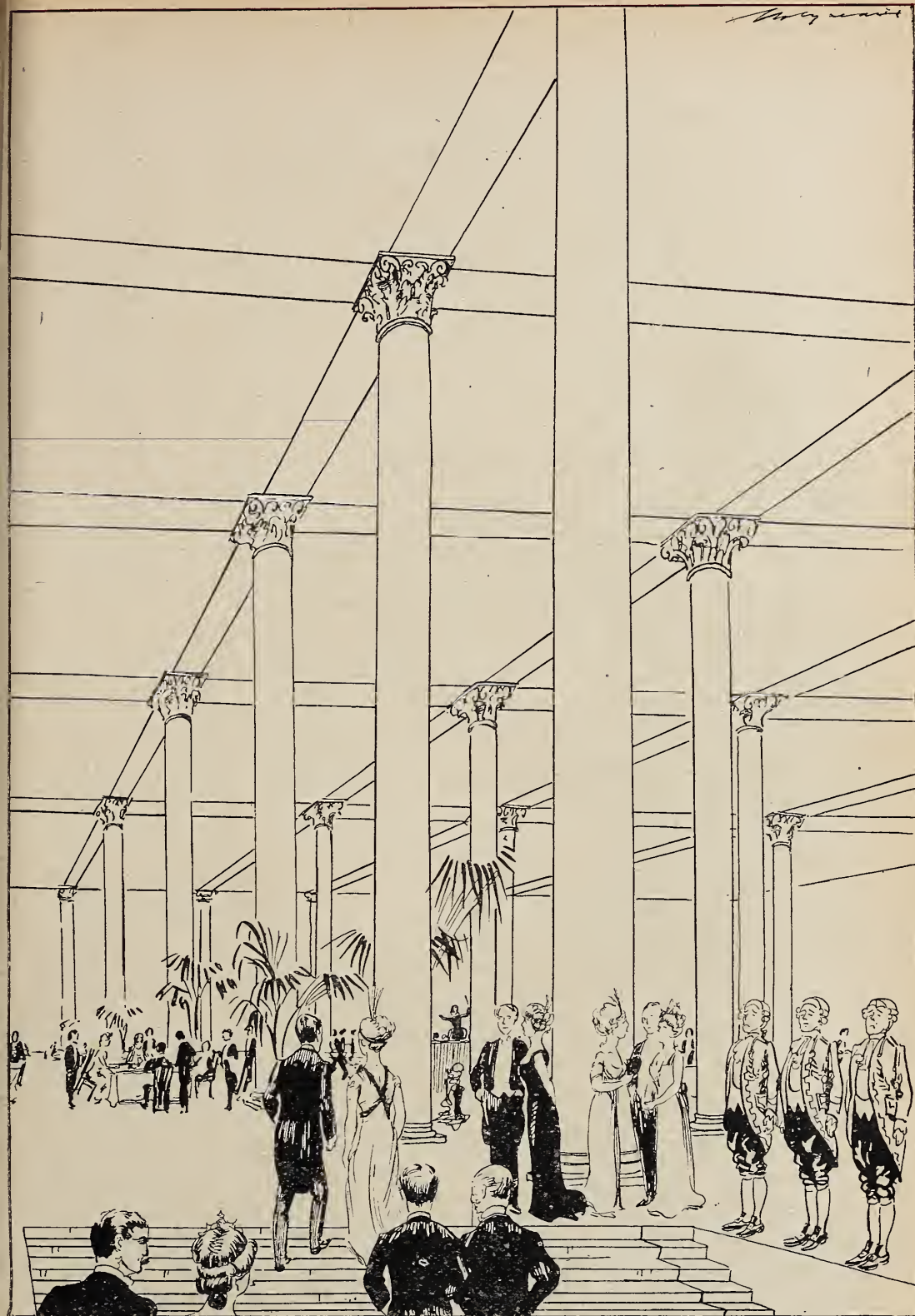
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